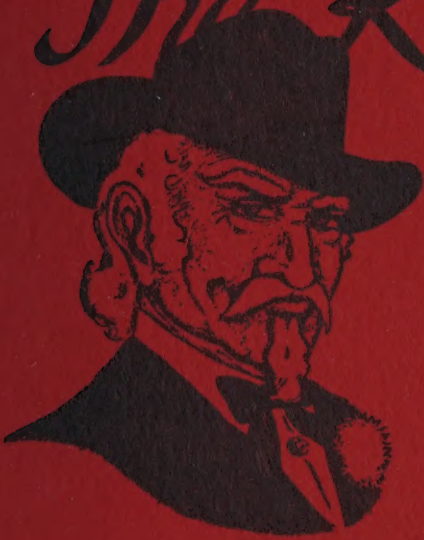


The Kentucky Colonel



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Appreciation goes to Ms. Freeland,
Mrs. Horton, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Wilson,
and Mrs. Wommack for their help in
judging these selections.
Other judges: Journalism class and
Ms. Lambert.

WE ARE PROUD TO ANNOUNCE
THE WINNERS OF THE 1976 COLONEL CREATIVE
WRITING CONTEST ARE:

Essay--SILENCE by Theresa Ridner

Fables--THE MONKEY AND RACCOON

by David Foreman

Poetry--TO KNOW YOU by Faye Cain

CHRISTMAS AT OUR HOUSE

This year at Christmas time, the whole family was preparing for the special day. After the shopping and package wrapping had been completed, everyone sat around the livingroom talking about how lucky they had been the past year.

As the day of Christ's birth drew nearer, my mother became sick. She had gone to the doctor and he said there was nothing wrong with her physically. This diagnosis did not help her get better so she had to go to the hospital.

When Christmas morning came we all got up to open our gifts, but there was something lacking. It was the only Christmas we spent without our Mother.

by Shirley Cain

WHAT I CONSIDER ONE OF MY MOST IMPORTANT THINGS

It all began when you were a baby. When you were born all you could do was cry. But later, as you got older, you learned to talk, hold things, crawl, roll and walk. You also learned to dress and tie your own shoes. You were encouraged to do all these things. You wanted to learn them all! Each new thing you learned to do brought progress and that gave you success. But you know, so many times today I hear people say, "I'd buy so and so a card if I had the money", or, "if someone would loan me it." Or, "I'd make so and so a card if I had the time."

People are always saying I'd do this if I had the time or money, but when they get the time or money, they never do it. Well, that's not success and that's not good. Without success where would you be? If you want something, try your best to get it. Maybe you won't get it, but at least you tried. Even though you didn't get it,

your trying was your success!

So next time you want something done, don't leave it up to someone else --you start trying! And even if you don't get it done, you'll feel good because you at least tried!

by Karen Pickard

SILENCE

Sometimes I like going off by myself. I get tired of sounds of the city. I can't even hear myself think straight. I feel the best time I can get my thoughts together is in the afternoon, when everything is coming to an end.

I like to sit out in the open where nothing is hanging over my head. I let feelings run all over. It feels good to let them out!

I sit there and listen to the stillness of the dusk. As I look around I see the sun creeping behind the trees that are near by. I listen to the quietness of the wind as it slowly sneaks its way through the branches of the trees. I see a snake

slithering through the tall grass
through a hole in the ground.

As I sit there watching nature
take its place, I feel that I'm sitting
on the top of the earth. I feel like
I'm the only one on the earth.

by Theresa Ridner

FEELINGS OF HATE

I feel like a smart aleck toward
them when someone rides my back about
something.

I feel so tight inside that the
way to get it out would be to fight.
I go and try to forget what happened.
When I see them I want to do something
to them...I want them to hurt like I
did.

Sometimes I can't stand to talk
or to look at them, but I guess I
should try to forgive, or to forget.
Just speak and be nice and go my way,
you can't help any by staying there if
you can't get along with them. Try to
understand them and they might under-
stand you.

by Theresa Ridner

SPRING CLEANING

It was Springtime in the forest and Mrs. Rabbit was doing her spring cleaning. Suddenly she heard a knock on the door. "Come in," said Mrs. Rabbit. In came Mr. Lion.

"It's a beautiful day," said Mr. Lion.

"Yes, it is and I'm doing my housework," answered Mrs. Rabbit as she began sweeping the floor.

"I wouldn't start that way," said Mr. Lion. "I would clean out the bookshelves, then I would sweep the floor." So Mrs. Rabbit put down her broom and picked up a dust cloth. She dusted everything in the whole house! "I will be on my way," mentioned Mr. Lion as he went out the door.

It just so happened that Mrs. Rabbit had a sister who was also cleaning house. Mr. Lion was in the neighborhood and decided to pay her a visit. He knocked on the door and Rosey Rabbit said, "Come in". She was moving the beds and giving her house a real cleaning!

"I never clean my house that good," said Mr. Lion. "I just mop around everything."

"Well, I don't!" said Rosey.

"And if I were you, I'd go home and do my own cleaning!" But Mr. Lion wasn't in the mood for cleaning house and didn't take Rosey's advice. He went around telling other people what to do and springtime went by. Mr. Lion was left doing housework in the middle of the summer and he wasn't doing a very good job at all. More than that, he decided it was too hot to be bothered with all that work. Mr. Lion learned a very good lesson by putting off his work.

MORAL: "Don't put off till tomorrow,
What you can do today."

by Debbie Broyles

THE RABBIT AND THE FOX

Once upon a time there was a Rabbit and a Fox. Now the Fox was a speech teacher and the Rabbit was her student. The Rabbit was always going around saying that she couldn't talk in

front of a lot of animals. The Fox heard her one day and asked her, "Will you call a meeting?"

The Rabbit called the meeting and said to all the animals, "I was sent to tell everyone there will be a party!" And that's when the Rabbit got up on the stage and gave a speech on what to expect at the party. To her surprise, she found she was no longer afraid to talk in front of a lot of animals.

MORAL: "Never say you can't if you haven't tried."

by Faye Cain

THE MONKEY AND THE RACCOON

Once upon a time there was a Monkey who went to school a long way from home. Almost every weekend he didn't want to return to school, so he started asking his cousin the Raccoon to come over on weekends so they could mess around.

One weekend the Monkey and Raccoon went walking and they met a Squirrel and Rabbit. They stayed together all day, but the next day the Monkey had to go back to school and that made him very mad!

When the Monkey and Raccoon went walking home, they passed right through a schoolyard. This got the Monkey so upset that he hauled off and hit a brick wall with his fist. After that he was sorry he hit it because he hurt his hand.

MORAL: "Don't let your anger hurt you."

by David Foreman

KING CLAWS AND PANTHER

Once in a land far away there was a king who was a Vulture and his right claw-man was a Panther. The Vulture decided that he wanted a new palace, so he called the Panther in and asked him where he could get the money. The Panther said, "Well, King Claws, we could put a tax on carrots."

And the King replied, "A great idea, Powder Paws!!" So they summoned a town crier to go out and tell the animals about the new tax on carrots and that no one could grow them even. When the Rabbit and Billygoat heard this news, they went into conference with the rest of the animals. It was decided that Rabbit and Billygoat would grow some.

One day while Powder Paws was making the rounds, he spied the carrots growing. He started to pull them up, but the Rabbit and Billygoat were close by and they threw a tin can at him. Powder Paws went back to King Claws and told him what he had found.

"Good work, Powder Paws," said the King, "no one can break any of my laws."

And he sentenced them to ten days on the carrot pile.

MORAL: "Laws of the land are not always fair."

by David Holton and
Mike Schoenbachler

THE RABBIT AND CAT

In the city of Lexington there was a lonely Rabbit who had no friends.

One day he decided to get a newspaper. So he started off and to make the trip short, he took the dark alley.

While he was going through the alley, he came upon a Cat clawing around in a trash can. It made the Rabbit jump, but they began talking and soon found they had something in common--neither had a friend. That night the Cat and Rabbit became friends.

MORAL: Don't be afraid of the dark.
It's not always bad.

by Tom Liggett

RUSTY AND PATCHES

Once in a big woods in a little cave there were born two little bear cubs.

One of them was brown and white so he was called Patches. The other was a rusty sort of color so he was called Rusty.

Patches got a kick out of chasing little animals and exploring things. One day Patches was pawing here and there and fell into a little creek. That very second, he began to swim!

Rusty, on the other hand, did nothing but sit and once in a while he went with his brother to look for food.

After Patches had fallen in the creek and learned to swim, he always went down there to swim.

On a hot sunny day, Patches and Rusty got up as usual, and went down to the creek to swim. Incidentally, Rusty just sat out and looked while his brother swam like usual.

All of a sudden a log came out of nowhere and hit Patches on the head and knocked him out! He was heading right for a waterfall!

Rusty was scared, and very confused. His first thought was to run

for help, but he thought it would take him too long to find help. His next idea was to jump in. "No! not that!" he thought. But the next thing he knew he was in the water. He must have fallen in the creek because of the soft earth under his feet. He had learned to swim just as his brother. Don't worry about Patches because Rusty saved his brother! He had pulled him in on the creek bank. Patches was very thankful to his brother. They were all very proud of Rusty; even Rusty was proud of Rusty!

MORAL You don't know what you can do unless you are put under pressure.

by Jenny Montgomery

THE BEAR

One hot summer day Fox, Wolf and Raccoon wanted to go swimming and as they were walking toward the stream, they met Bear.

They asked him if he could swim and he said, "Yes." Then they asked him if he wanted to go swimming and he said, "Yes."

When they got to the stream one-by-one jumped in until it was Bear's turn. He jumped in and almost drowned! The three other animals got him out of the water unharmed. The Fox said to the Bear, "Let this teach you a lesson."

MORAL: Don't say you can when you can't

by Mike Osborne

DIRTY SALLY

Once upon a time there was a smelly old pig named Sally. She smelled nasty! Everytime one of the animals saw her they would throw up. All the animals could take it no longer, so they wrote her a letter telling her to take a bath, but she did not.

So they laid a trap for her along the walking path with a hook on it. One day she was walking and the animals pulled the rope and she tripped down the hill. The animals lived happily ever after.

MORAL: Take a bath every day.

by David Raynes

THE HOG, THE FROG, AND THE DOG

Once there was a Hog walking through the jungle where the Dog and Frog lived. The Dog woke up and barked, "Good morning. How are you?"

The Hog replied, "The same," and grunted, "I am fine."

"What do you have in your basket?" questioned the Dog.

"I have some moss that I found in the dark woods. You know that hogs do not like moss, but I am still going to keep it!"

"Why should you do that when you could give it to me and I could share

it with Mr. Frog?" asked the Dog.

"I will not!" squealed the Hog.

"I will not bark at you."

"That will not do." replied the Hog.

"Will you accept some corn?"

"That will not do either." returned the Hog.

"Well," said the Dog, "I will go and talk to Mr. Frog and we shall give you something good."

So the Dog went to find Mr. Frog.

"Hello!" barked the dog. "What have you been up to today?" greeted Mr. Frog.

"I talked to Mr. Hog and he has some moss and we can trade something good for the moss. Don't you agree?"

"Yes, I agree, but what are we going to give him?"

"I know, why don't we share our swamp?"

So the Frog and the Dog went to tell the Hog what they would give him. The Hog agreed.

MORAL: Share things you need; share things you do not need.

by Leslie Riggs

THE MASTER AND THE HORSE

There was a master who was always mean to his horse. The horse got tired of his master always picking on him and so one night the horse broke out and ran away.

The next morning the master went looking for the horse. He found the horse and began to catch him when he fell into a hole. The horse felt sorry for his master, and so pulled him out of the hole. The master was very thankful and was good to the horse forever.

MORAL: Be good to others and they will be good to you.

by Billy Wright

THE FROG AND THE SNAKE

One sunny day in the woods a frog was hopping along toward Farmer John's farm. An hour later he arrived on the gate of the farm garden. A snake was cornered against the fence and an old man was coming toward him with an ax. "You nasty snakes stay out of my garden!" yelled the farmer. "I can't let him die," thought the frog.

He hopped off the wall and leaped onto the farmer's head! The farmer tried to grab the frog and as he did, he dropped the ax. The snake got away and so did the frog and from then on they were the best of friends.

MORAL: An enemy can also be a friend.

By Donald Young

SPRING

Spring is coming,
Spring is here.
What would you do when
Spring gets here?

by George Bouquet

A DISCOVERY

While walking down the street
On a sunny day in June,
I heard a bluebird singing
A very merry tune.
Such a lovely bluebird,
With such a lovely tune,
It's fun to make discoveries
On sunny days in June!

by Debbie Broyles

GIRL WITHOUT A TWIRL

Once upon a time there was a girl.
She was big and had no twirl
So her mother turned her into a
 little natural girl!
And then she got a really Big pearl!
by Faye Cain

TO KNOW YOU

To know you as a person
is not like knowing
you as a Friend.

To see you as a person
is not like seeing
you as a Friend.

To talk to you as a person
is not like talking to
you as a Friend.

To be with you as a person
is not like being with
you as a Friend.

To see you as a person happy
is not like seeing you
as a Friend happy.

To know yourself as a person
To know yourself as a Friend;
Which do you chose?

by Faye Cain

S . AND Y

How is the sky like a spy?
They both look with their s and y
and that is why the sky is like a

spy.

Don't ask me why--they both have
s and y?

by Faye Cain

WHEN YOU LOVE SOMEONE IT HURTS

To know he doesn't care
But in the end he has a heart--
He has a heart somewhere.
He just has to find it.
And when he does,
You'll see
I'll have a friend indeed.

That is why
I always look up
Instead of down.

And I'll wear a smile
I'll never wear a frown.
If he's meant to come to me--
He'll come.
And you will see
I'll have a friend at last,
I'll have a friend indeed.

by Terry King.

THE THINGS PEOPLE DO

What makes us do
The things we do?
What makes us be
The way we are?
What makes God's love
Come down from above?
What makes people show
They really care?
What makes people have feelings
Like love and hate?
And why does God reach
Out his hand to creatures like us?
These are the questions I ask myself.
I ask them and wonder why!
What makes God care?

by Debbie Broyles

BOOK

I went to this store to look
And there near the floor I saw my
book.
The book was yellow,
It was about a fellow.
I bought the book.
I went on home.

After I finished reading it,
I sort of threw a fit!
Why didn't it end
The way I would have liked it to
I said to myself, there in bed.

by Theresa Ridner

CARNIVAL

I went to a carnival,
I went at night.
It almost looked like day
With all its lights.

I got on a ride.
O my, it took me for a surprise!
I went up and down and all around.
I thought I was going to hit ground.

I got into another ride I thought
I might like,
I pushed the pedal and turned my
wheels and pealed!
I stopped very quickly and my car
squealed!.

I heard a noise--
It went like this...
Crash! Bash! Smash!
We were all like potatoes that
had been hashed!

Bill said it was time to go,
So we took off down the road.

by Theresa Ridner

THE MOON

The moon is cool
It looks like a jewel.
There on my stool
The moon has light
I try to fight
With all my might.
He has left my sight.

by Theresa Ridner

LOVE IN THE RAIN

We love walking in the rain
In the city of Spain.
He told me his name was Joe,
One day he will be my beau.

As we were walking down the road
There in the water was a toad.
We moved right along,
The rain was very strong.
The rain splattered as it
Hit our faces--
We went to my place.

It rained like cats and dogs,
But we were dry in my house of logs.

There we both stayed
Until the next day.
There in the month of May.

by Theresa Ridner

SUNSHINE

The sunshine is so mean,
Sometimes it almost makes me want
To scream!
As I walk along the beach
The sunshine just seems to blister
Me.
Why doesn't he leave me be?

by Theresa Kidner

WHO AM I?????????

I am tired of hanging here all nice
and pretty.
I have been hanging here ever since
I was a teenager and now I've
become ripe!
All my friends say the only thing
I know how to do is gripe!
Well, I guess they would if they
were on this old bush as long
as I have been.
As I listened, I heard them say I
was ready to be taken away.
They took me and laid me out in the
sun; later I fell asleep.

After I woke up I had a terrible
fright!

I was so old and wrinkled!
So I got up with my friends and
mingled.

We found out what had happened and
why.

They have changed me from a grape
to a RAISIN!

by Theresa Ridner

FOR WHAT I AM

I wish that people would take me
For what I am,

And that people wouldn't always
push me around.

I wish that friends wouldn't talk
to me alone,

And then talk bad about me when I'm
gone.

We need friendship near
When we feel like shedding a tear.
Oh, why, can't friends take me
For what I am?

by Jo Ann Stewart

STRUGGLE TO SUCCEED

by Kathy Stokes

Chapter I

Liza sniffed the air as she sat thinking about what she really wanted to do. It smelled of fresh bread in the oven and other good things to eat. Although she was only sixteen, she had many plans for her future, but was afraid that not one would be able to be followed through.

"Liza Mae," her mother shouted up the stairs, "come down. It's time for supper." Slowly she rose and started toward the door of her room, still considering the plans she had somehow managed to come up with.

Coming down the steps, she missed the last one as she wasn't looking where she was going.

"What on earth was that?" her father asked as he entered the kitchen to eat.

"I've no idea, John," her mother said coolly, "it's Liza daydreaming probably. She's really going to do some damage if she doesn't watch where she's going. I sure do wish you'd have a long father-daughter talk. Hurry up, Liza,

your supper is getting cold." Her mother walked over to the sink, poured three glasses of milk, and sat them down beside the places at the table.

Slowly Liza entered the room, sat down at the table and looked out the window as though she didn't notice anyone else in the room.

"Anything the matter, honey?" her father asked as he picked up a bowl of potatoes and looked over at her.

"No," she answered dryly, "I just don't care about anything except for work at the hospital as a nurse. Could you help me, Papa?"

Her father grinned and then frowned again. "Is that why your grades are not as good as they could be?" She dropped her eyes to her plate and sighed.

"Yes, Papa, but I could do much better if I had something to work for. If only I could go to nursing school. I'd have a goal to work for, and I would do a great deal better." Liza looked anxiously at her father.

"We'll see," he said, "your mother and I will talk it over tonight and give you our answer sometime tomorrow, okay?"

She nodded her head in agreement, and quietly finished her dinner. As she drained her glass of milk, the doorbell rang.

"Sit still and finish, Liza. The girls will just have to wait until you're done with your meal."

"Yes, Mama," she replied quickly, "I'm done now, so may I be excused? I do want to go out before I do my homework. Liza, rising quickly, ran into the hallway and out the front door where her best friends were waiting.

Chapter 2

The next day was beautiful. The wind was warm, the sky was pale blue, and there were no clouds anywhere to be seen. As Liza stepped out of the air conditioned school building, she blinked as the bright day hit her full force. Sensing someone behind her, she turned to find Ellen, her best friend, standing there.

"Hi," Liza said startled, "I haven't seen you in quite a while. Where've you been keeping yourself?"

"Oh, I've been around, here and there. I hear you're wanting to go to nursing school when you graduate. Is that true?"

"Yah, it's true alright. My parents are thinking about it, and they'll tell me tonight after school whether I can or not."

"Lots of luck to you, Liza. I sure do hope you can; I am, you know." "You are? I didn't know it. Which one are you going to go to?"

Ellen smiled. "Well, I believe I'm going to St. Richard's School of Nursing in Charoletteville. I begin next September. Listen, if you can, try to see if you can go to the same one. Maybe we can room together." As they headed back into school, the bell rang.

"Meet me after school," Liza called as she headed toward her locker, "I'll walk home with you."

The rest of the day seemed to go quite slowly and when the last bell rang, Liza hurried to Ellen Cooper's locker where they had decided to meet. They left for home, talking about what had happened that day.

Going into the house, Liza passed her mother who was talking to someone on the phone. "Could it be the nursing school? Nah, it isn't, she wouldn't do that for me." She went on upstairs.

"Liza Mae! You got a letter today."

"From whom?"

"I've no idea. But it's addressed to a Miss Liza M. Carter. Do you know her?"

"Be right there." She flung down her books on the bed, and raced down the stairs. Taking the letter from her mother, she read the return address and tears started forming in her eyes. They weren't tears of sadness, but tears of joy.

Turning she raced out of the house and up the street to Ellen's. Turning quickly into the front gate, she began crying uncontrollably. "El...Ellen!" she gasped between sobs, "I got a letter, a letter from the nursing school."

Ellen ran to meet her; snatching the letter out of her hands she read:

Dear Miss Carter:

We understand that you are interested in attending nursing school when you graduate this May. If it would be possible, we would like to arrange an interview for sometime next week. If this is convenient, please notify Mrs. Ann Collins, Director of Nursing at 221-6354.

Sincerely yours,

Ann White

Secretary

When Ellen finished, she took Liza in her arms, her eyes beaming with excitement. "Why didn't you tell me you'd..."

"I didn't, I'm just as surprised as you. I guess my parents did it. To be honest, I didn't think they would do anything like this for me."

Letting Ellen go, she sat down on the front steps, then a few minutes later, Ellen followed, and both girls gazed in pure ecstasy into the beauty of the sky and river below.

Chapter 3

That night as Liza was helping her mother with the dishes, she brought up the subject of St. Richard's School of Nursing. "Mama," she began, "Ellen Cooper is going to be a nurse."

"Oh, really," Mrs. Carter said politely, "which school is she going to attend?"

"She's going to St. Richard's School of Nursing in Charoletteville. I was wondering if it would be possible for me to go there also." She looked with pleading eyes at her mother.

"Why on earth would you want to go clear to Charoletteville, West Va. when you could go to one here in town? It seems a bit silly to me."

"Well, it's a much better school, and less expensive, too. And I need to get away for a while." Her mother's eyes flashed with anger.

"Do you mean to tell me you don't like it here with your father and me?" She turned her back and seemed to ignore Liza completely.

"I like to be at home, it's just that

everyone needs to get away now and then. Do I ask you and Papa if you don't like to be with me when you go to town?"

Quickly she headed out of the kitchen and up the stairs not noticing whether or not her father was standing against the doorway. As her foot touched the bottom step, the phone rang. Turning, she answered. It was a stranger's voice on the other end.

"Hello," she said politely, "Yes, this is she."

"I am from St. Richard's School of Nursing in Charoletteville; I believe you were sent a letter arranging an interview."

"Yes, I have received it, When do you want me to come?" As she spoke, her face turned pink with excitement.

Hanging up the receiver, she headed out the back door. As she did, her mother shouted at her, "Liza, where are you headed this time?" Her face was still red with anger.

"Over to Ellen's for a little while. Won't stay long." She darted out the door and raced up the block.

At the front door of the Cooper's, Liza rang the bell. There was a short wait, then the door opened a crack. A couple of beady eyes looked out of it.

"What do you want?" a cold voice asked. "Is Ellen home? If she is, could I speak with her?"

The eyes across from her seemed to flash blood red with anger at the thought of Ellen. "She ain't home. Never will be either if I can help it. So git out of here before I throw you out!"

"But do you know if you'll be seeing her any time soon? Or, is there some way I can get in touch with her?" The voice snarled and a hand showed a razor-sharp knife through the crack.

"Git the devil out of here and I don't mean later!" Every step she took as she headed home made her jump; she felt someone was behind her.

Chapter 4

Liza woke to the sound of rain drops on the shutters outside her window.

"What a time to go to school," she thought as she turned over for a last minute nap.

A few minutes later the alarm clock went off and she knew it was time to rise and shine.

Getting out of bed, she hurriedly dressed. Scurrying down the steps to breakfast, she noticed that her mother and father were talking to someone just outside the front door. Going into the kitchen, she fixed herself a bowl of cereal and ate it hungrily. As she ate her father entered the kitchen. The expression on his face told Liza something was certainly wrong.

"Liza, are you having tests today in school?" She looked in dismay at her father. "Why, Papa, I think we're having one in biology. What do you want to know for?"

"I just wondered. If you didn't, we were going to take you out of school today. There is someone we would like you to see."

Liza finished her breakfast and she was on her way.

The entire morning, Liza searched for Ellen. She even asked around, but not a single person had seen her that day. At lunch she went to the restroom to

to fix her I.V. When she entered there was a strange smell--like something decayed.

Looking around, she saw something that took her breath. It was the body of Ellen. She shrieked and collapsed on the floor.

Hearing the commotion, a teacher came into the room and saw the body of the dead girl and Liza lying nearby. She called an ambulance.

At the hospital, Liza groaned as a nurse placed an I.V. in her arm. Attempting to move her arm, Liza pulled at the strap around her wrist.

"No," was the next thing she heard from the nurse. "You must have that in your arm. Take it easy, Miss Carter."

"Where am I?" Liza began to struggle to get free.

"Lie still, honey, you're in the hospital. Don't be afraid," a young doctor said gently.

"What happened? Why am I here? Oh! My head hurts!" She put her free hand to her forehead and found the bandages that had been placed there.

"Do you hurt any place else?" the doctor asked.

"No, I just feel so strange." The young doctor looked at the nurse with worry in his eyes. "Put her in a room. I'll see her later." He left the room with Liza and the nurse.

A couple of days later a police officer came into Liza's room to ask questions about that horrible day. He approached her bed with the greatest ease. He looked down on her pale face and tried to consider the outcome if he did ask those terrifying questions.

"Miss Carter," he began, clearing his throat. "Yes," she replied weakly, "can I help you?"

"I am from the police department and I would like to ask a couple of questions about the other day. Could you tell me what happened?" He looked questioningly at her.

Liza took a deep breath and began telling the story, stopping when she reached the part when she found the body.

"What did the body look like?" asked the officer.

She swallowed hard. "The head was battered. The arms and chest were severely lacerated and most of the cloth-

ing was torn off. When I saw it I must have fainted. The next thing I knew I was here at the hospital." The policeman looked thoughtful for a minute.

"Do you know who it was at Ellen's that night?"

"No."

"Thank you for your time, Miss Carter. I don't think you'll have to tell it over again. Hope you are feeling better soon." He turned and walked out of the room.

That night she dreamed that the corpse of Ellen was trying to take her away. She cried out in terror. The night nurse woke her and finally she had a dreamless sleep.

Chapter 5

General was a large hospital with seven floors. It was a white, enormous building and quite comfortable as well. As Mrs. Liza White came to work, she had a sudden recollection of that horrid day--the day she found Ellen Cooper dead. She figured that the reason she thought about it was that today was Ellen's birth-

day.

Stepping into the well lit day room of the hospital, she thought of the time when she and Ellen had entered the school building the day before her death.

Going straight to the emergency room where she would most likely spend the next eight or so hours, she wondered how many people would be brought in today. As she entered she noticed a young woman with an unconscious child about six. She went straight to the two.

"Miss, could I help you?" Lisa asked as she approached the young lady.

"I don't know what's wrong with her. She started crying with a headache and I gave her some aspirin. Then she went to sleep and I can't wake her up. Oh! help her please!" Liza punched a button which told the paging operator to call a doctor to the emergency room.

"Please, follow me. A doctor will be here soon." Liza placed the child on a stretcher in a cubicle and undressed her. After putting on a hospital gown on her, she began checking the vital signs for the doctor.

When the child had been taken care

of, Liza collapsed in a chair.

"Doctor Coal, Emergency Room, please," the paging operator called over the intercom.

As Liza got to her feet she felt someone touch her arm. Gently she was lowered to the chair again, and looking up she saw Dr. Coal.

"Are you all right, Mrs. White?" he asked concerned.

"I think I am," she answered, "why do you ask?"

"You don't look very good. How about letting me have a look--just to be on the safe side of things."

Arguing, she followed him into a cubicle where another nurse had her strip and put a gown on. As Dr. Coal entered, Liza started to ask a question, but she felt faint and began falling off the stretcher. When she toppled, Dr. Coal caught her and laid her on the bed. Using cold water, he brought her to.

"What happened?" she asked startled when she saw where she was.

"Liza, the thing I want to know is why you didn't tell us you were sick? If you had, maybe you wouldn't have found yourself here." He looked sternly at her.

"I didn't think I was sick enough to see a doctor. Besides, I just got sick today. Sorry, I can't help you any more, Paul." As a sharp pain went through her head, she grabbed her head with her hands.

"Have you had any pain before now? I hope you'll be honest with me."

"No, never. It hit me all at once." Paul looked at her with wonder on his face.

"I'm going to have some tests run on you, Liza. And that means you must stay in the hospital for a few days. I'll have the nurse arrange to have you admitted and I'll see you later." He gave the orders and she was admitted at 7:45 p.m.

Mrs. Liza Mae Carter White died of a brain tumor Saturday, May 3, at 6:10 a.m.

